

THE LITTLE PRINCESS IN THE WOOD

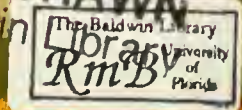
BY SIBYLLE v. OLFERS



WITH TEXT BY HELEN DEAN FISH



WITHDRAWN
Baldwin





THE LITTLE PRINCESS IN THE WOOD

A Picture Book by
SIBYLLE v. OLFERS

Illustrator of "When the Root Children Wake Up"

With Text by
HELEN DEAN FISH



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One lovely summer morning the little Princess Rosemary woke up early, jumped out of bed, put on her crown and popped her head out of the castle window. There she saw, through the branches of the Queen's best rose-tree, a merry band of Dew Children, sparkling through the castle park as lightly as if blown on the morning wind.

The Princess laughed for joy and the Dew Children heard her. They came running over the grass and called to her to come down and play with them.



Quick as a bird, Princess Rosemary slipped downstairs and out into the fresh, sunny summer morning.

When the six little Dew Children—their names were Rainbow, Glisten and Diamond, Dewdrop, Sparkle and Pearl—heard that she had not washed and brushed and dressed, they hurried her away to a clear little brook that flowed through the meadow near by. Two of them washed her face and hands in clear, sparkling water and another dried her gently. One brushed her sunny hair; another fitted on her little golden slippers and a third tied on her crimson robe.



When the sun grew warm the Dew Children vanished away, and five little Moss-boys scampered up and begged the Princess to share their breakfast. The Moss-boys' names were Evergreen, Moss-cap, Velvet, Soft-step and Green Jacket.

They led her to a little table spread on the roots of a tree in the castle garden, and made her a seat on a low branch. One brought her toast and warm milk, another moss-jelly, another honey and another sweet wild strawberries, gathered in the wood.

Green Jacket has some cakes to offer but he sees that the bold red squirrel has spied them from the treetop and come down to try one.



part four

After breakfast Master Crow flew down with specs on beak and book under wing. He gave the little Princess a pencil, and a slate with a golden rim, and told her to sit on the grassy bank under a tree. Then Master Crow perched on a stump and opened his book with a "Caw, caw, caw!" He taught the little Princess to spell such words as SPRING and BIRDS and NESTS and EGGS. It was the nicest school she had ever heard of.

Whisk, the squirrel, watched from a nearby tree and was glad HE did not have to go to school.



When school was out, the little Princess wandered happily through the wood. A gentle faun came springing over the lawn and walked beside her for a while. Seven frolicsome hares hopped and nibbled and played about the path. Whisk, the squirrel, and his mate followed too and stopped sometimes to eat a juicy blackberry. The birds flew and sang above them.



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Late in the afternoon, the little Princess came to a mossy glade at the edge of the wood where the silly little mushrooms live, who grow up in a single night—red-caps, brown-caps and white-caps. They begged her to stop and tell them a story, so being a most obliging little Princess, she sat on the grass among them and told them tales of the great oak tree beside her father's castle gate, which had taken hundreds of years to grow and had seen many storms and the coming and going of brave knights and fair ladies.



At last darkness fell and many bright little Star Children came with their star lanterns to light the little Princess home through the deep wood. She was sleepy, for she had laughed and worked and played all day, and was glad to see the towers of her father's castle through the trees when the friendly Star Children had led her safely home.



Princess

The little Princess slipped through the castle gate and in the great doors and upstairs to her white bed. She was soon fast asleep, like the little animals and birds and nature children she had played with all day.

The night wind rustled softly through the trees, and one little Star Child watched over the castle all night, till dawn began to show in the sky.











